John Barleycorn - performed by Traffic

There were three men,
came out of the West.
Their fortunes for to try.

And these three men,
made a solomn vow.
John Barleycorn must die.

They've plowed, they've sown,
they've harrowed him in,
threw clods upon his head.

And these three men,
Made a solomn vow.
John Barleycorn was dead.

They've let him lie a very long time,
till the rains from Heavan did fall.
And little Sir John sprung up his head.
And so amazed them all.

They've let him stand till mid summers day,
till he looked both pale and drawn.
And little Sir John has grown a long, long beard,
And so become a man.

They've hired men,
with the scythes so sharp,
to cut him off at the knee.

They've rolled and tied him by the waist,
serving him most barbarously.

They've hired men,
with a sharp pitchforks,
who pricked him to the heart.

An the loader he has served him worse than that,
for he's bound him to the cart.

They've wheeled him around,
and around the field,
until they came unto a barn.

And there they made a solomn oath,
on poor John Barleycorn.

They've hired men,
with a crabtree sticks,

to cut him skin from bone.

And the miller he has served him worst of all,
For he has ground him between two stones.

And little Sir John and the nut brown bowl
and he's brandy in the glass.

And little sir John and the nut brown bowl
proved the strongest man at last.

The huntsman he can't hunt the fox,
nor to so loudly to blow his horn.

And the tinker he can't mend kettle nor pot,
without a little Barleycorn.